

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Greyhounds"

(feat. Usher)

[*De La Soul:*]

Fresh from a bible belt town  
That's what she's givin' up  
Not really livin', just flesh comin' off a greyhound  
Right at a blink of an eye he provides her with charm  
Hides that he is a shark  
Suggests a few apartments, never hints to the home  
That's what he wanna do  
She just wanna new zip code for an old dream  
Lost in an appetite now the big apple might  
Find her habit of a queen  
Feel the negro that's filled with an equal match road  
Destination unknown  
She's Little Bow Peep  
And her and her whole sheep gonna have their wool unsewn  
Now the wolf give a push  
Now watch her jump in with two feet  
Blue heat don't know how to swim through the limbs  
Everyone huggin' her, tuggin' her  
Ride on the merry-go-round of four drinks and two white lines  
Go fast with the fast life so she needs more  
One fun fix, now a daily chore  
Provide the score, written and produced so perverse  
He's a pro well versed  
Told her that the purse that she want  
With the shoes that she love and the rent that she need paid  
Can be earned with speed in a day  
Escort on the high class side  
Champagne glass rides  
White snow waterfalls, oh how time flies  
When you're flyin', crash and burn  
She learned that her soul was dyin'  
That's worth savin'  
She's cravin' that bible belt town  
So she crawls back on the Greyhound

[*Usher:*]

Next stop, NYC  
Take your seats please  
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face  
I know how to get there  
And I give you my word that I get you there safe  
I don't need to check your baggage  
I don't need to know your name  
All I need to know is  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

*[De La Soul:]*

Fresh new Gucci belt, bound  
Fast to the city scape  
Dash to deliver fate  
Stashed in this duffel bag, proud  
It's no scaredy cat  
Life was always spared in thy name  
That the gamblers fold  
No chips if the scramble got cold  
But them warm cushions and them soft bus seats  
Push that second thought along  
Beneath the roof of a Super 8, he sleeps till it's night time  
Then connects in the streets like a pipe line  
In dark shades he supplies dark brigades  
Of lost souls with his chemical morsels  
He's no lab tech  
He was born into a legacy stretched from Aztecs and beyond  
Assets he was drawn to  
Had him spreadin' the wool over his mother's eye  
He's the black sheep  
His pops career driven, he's the backseat  
The man on the wheel that cruises on sunrise  
That the man brought eyes to his pay per view  
Kind of paper make a fool shoot his statement through  
And take the label too  
Till he's can't [?]  
Till a pancake pocket change the landscape  
Take a short visit home in the town  
It's time to re-up, it's back on the Greyhound

*[Usher:]*

Next stop, NYC  
Take your seats please  
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face  
I know how to get there  
And I give you my word that I get you there safe  
I don't need to check your baggage  
I don't need to know your name  
All I need to know is  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed  
  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed  
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed  
Forever be changed, forever be changed  
So watch where you're goin'  
And this food you're chosin'  
I don't need to check your baggage  
I don't need to know your name  
All I need to know is  
By the time you arrive you'll forever be changed  
Forever be changed, be changed  
You'll forever be changed

